With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of armes,
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leaſt being ſeene thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers ſight.
Farewell, the leiſure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundried friends ſhould dwell vpon,
God giue vs leiſure for theſe rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and ſpeed well.

Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Leaſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of victorie,
Once more good night kind Lords and gentlemen. *Exunt.*
O thou whoſe Captaine I account my ſelfe,
Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with a heauie fall,
The vſurping helmets of our aduerſaries,
Make vs thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in the victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull ſoule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eies,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me ſtill!

Enter the ghoſt of yoong Prince Edward, ſonne to Henry the ſixt, to Ri.

Ghoſt to Ri. Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow.
Thinke how thou ſtabſt me in my prime of youth,
At Teukesburie, diſpaire therefore and die.

To Rich. Be cheerfull Richmond for the wronged ſoules
Of butchered Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henries iſſue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the ghoſt of Henry the ſixt.

Ghoſt to Ri. When I was mortall, my annointed bodie,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower and me, diſpaire and die.

Harrie

Harrie the ſixt bids thee diſpaire a
To *Rich.* Vertuous and holie be th
Harrie that propheſied thou ſhoul
Doth comfort thee in thy ſleepe,

Enter the Ghoaſt of Cla

Ghoaſt. Let me ſit heauie in thy ſou
I that was waſht to death with fuls
Poore Clarence by thy guile betr
To morrow in the battaile thinke
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, diſpa
To *Rich.* Thou offspring of the
The wronged heires of Yorke do
Good angels guard thy battaile, li

Enter the ghoaſts of Riuers

King. Let me ſit heauie in thy ſo
Riuers that died at Pomfret diſpai
Gray. Thinke vpon Gray, and
Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaugha
Let fall thy launce, diſpaire and di
All to *Ri.* Awake and thinke o
Will conquer him, awake and wi

Enter the ghoaſts of the

Ghoſt to Ri. Dreame on thy Coſen
Let vs be laid within thy boſome R
And weigh thee downe to ruine,
Thy Nephewes ſoules bid thee di
To *Ri.* Sleepe Richmond ſleepe
Good angels guard thee from the
Liue and beget a happie race of K
Edwards vnhappie ſonnes do bid

Enter the ghoaſt

Ghoaſt. Bloudie and guiltie, guil
And in a bloudie battaile end thy
Thinke on lord Haſtings, diſpaire
To *Rich.* Quiet vntroubled ſo
Arme, fight and conquer for faire
Enter the Ghoaſt of La
Richard thy wife, that wretched

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